



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

THOSE SHANGHAI HORROR
PICTURES IN NEWS REEL
AT CARMEL THEATRE

An interesting example of human reaction to tragedy was provided by the audiences Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of this week at the Carmel Theatre. With mouths agape, staring eyes and incredulous minds, several hundred Carmel people looked at motion pictures of dying, dead and mangled bodies of men, women and children on the streets of Shanghai. Scarcely half an hour later they wept audibly as Victor McLaglen realistically faked a death-bed scene while Shirley Temple sang to him. And it is well within the bounds of reason to believe that in the hearts and minds of those people who left that theater there will be carried longer the memory of the death of the fictional British trooper than of the holocaust that actually descended without warning on hundreds of innocent human beings and strewn their mangled bodies over the streets of Shanghai.

As for the effectiveness of peace propaganda as exemplified by those motion pictures of the Shanghai horror, just blow a bugle, beat a drum and wave a flag and see which way your boy jumps.

WHAT KIND WORDS WE HAVE TO SAY FOR THIS STREET SUPERINTENDENT ASKEW

This fellow Bill Askew, superintendent of streets and playgrounds, can make a bigger mess of things when he makes up his mind to it than any man we ever saw or heard about.

This fellow Bill Askew, superintendent of streets and playgrounds, can straighten up, smooth over and generally make delectable, any mess he makes quicker and more efficiently than any man we ever saw or heard of.

Look at that job on Mission street and around the corner on Sixth! On Wednesday morning you would have thought Askew was in an awful jam and the street looked like several wraths of any number of gods. Now it looks like a pretty swell piece of work.

There are certain men, in almost any walk of life, who do their particular jobs so well that you are somehow convinced that they could do any other job as efficiently. Bill Askew is that sort of man. We believe it would be a good idea and fine for Carmel to throw out the city council and let Askew run this town. And we also believe that what we say about him, either one way or the other, runs off his back like water off a duck's. If all city officials were like Bill Askew, editing a newspaper wouldn't be any fun at all. An occasional encomium is a pleasure to write, but a continuous call for them would bore us to death.

And we don't owe Bill Askew any more than we do any other official of Carmel which is nothing—unless you count the punch in the nose Joe Burge is one up on us.

WE AGREE AND DISAGREE WITH MISS TILLY POLAK

In last week's issue of THE CYMBAL Miss Tilly Polak told of what she would do if she were mayor of Carmel.

We are inclined to agree with her sentiments in a few instances,
(Continued on Page Two)

Clean Up for Fire Prevention Week Oct. 3-9

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

WE GET DIRTY STREETS CASE TO "ROBBIE'S" ATTENTION

What shall we do about cleaning up the business streets?
Does the Monterey Peninsula need a deputy sheriff?

These are two of the matters which will probably come up for discussion by members of the Carmel Business Association when that organization has its next dinner meeting on the evening of October 8.

A CYMBAL hireling dragged Shelburn Robison, president of the business association, out on the neat little balcony off his law office at Mission street and Ocean avenue the other day and gave him a bird's eye view of the main stem below him. It was particularly terrible on that particular day, but the CYMBAL guy didn't know that when he climbed the stairs to seek out the association president. Then, around to the other little balcony (Robbie's office is just lousy with balconies) on Mission street, and the barrister's eye was directed below. Oh boy! That was worse. The CYMBAL typewriter-tapper left the lawyer in a deep funk over the condition of the district which is the market place, as it were, of the members of his association. He promised he would take the matter up. We shall see.

As for the deputy sheriff, Robbie told us that Sheriff Abbot, for some reason which hasn't as yet been fathomed, has taken it into his head that maybe Carmel would like to have a nice deputy sheriff within the city's hailing distance—that is, one or two hails on a stilly night.

Robbie, personally, can't think of any good reason for it offhand, but a lawyer never properly tells you anything "offhand." He says, however, that he will broach the matter to his people at the meeting on the evening of October 8. We shall see.

Ed Ewig Loses His Shirt and Ann Almost Loses Ed in Hollywood

"They just went on playing checkers."

That's what Ann Ewig says when you ask her if the police did anything about it.

About what?

About Ed's new sport coat and twenty dollars in good cold cash.

It appears that during their vacation, from which they returned this week, Ed and Ann took advantage of the balmy air of Santa Monica and the stretch of ocean beach to go in swimming. They donned their bathing suits at their hotel in Los Angeles, dropped their conventional street wear over them and drove to Santa Monica beach. They shed the street wear in the car, departed it and locked it.

On their return everything was intact except the money in Ann's purse, the money in Ed's purse and the new sport coat Ed had squandered \$80, more or less, on.

They reported the theft to the Santa Monica police who blandly informed them "Oh, we have sev-

More Than Incompatability Behind Charges Preferred Against Nye, Says Mrs. Cator

YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS THING ABOUT ZONE LAW

Of course, there is nothing to compel you to believe it, but our city council Wednesday night passed a new fire zone ordinance on first reading. Yes, we said that—a NEW fire zone ordinance on first reading.

That makes the sixth attempt to get a fire zone ordinance down on the books so that builders will know just where they can erect buildings, how they can erect them and how fire-resisting they must be.

And, to inject a little levity into the situation—something we are loath to do—Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, who is losing her voice reading these fire zone ordinances, found a couple of holes in this latest attempt at establishing fire zones and the chances are that W. G. Hudson, Carmel Martin, Peter J. Ferrante, Webster Street and William L. Hudson, who happen to be our city attorneys, will have to write another one.

At Wednesday night's meeting, when Mayor Everett Smith announced to an incredulous council and more incredulous lobby that the fire zone ordinance had been drafted once again because of errors, Councilman Clara Kellogg opined that it might be ready for final passage by the time we got a new city council. She may be right.

CHIEF LEIDIG ALL SET FOR MAKING CITY FIRE-MINDED

Fire Chief Bob Leidig and his men are intent on making the public fire-conscious next week.

It's Fire Prevention Week, from October 3 to 9.

Activities on the part of the fire department will begin Monday with a fire drill at Sunset School at 10 o'clock in the morning.

The chief, himself, will probably make a speech to the children. He is quite good on fire prevention speeches. We heard him 11 years ago at the old Manzanita Theater and were quite impressed. You don't expect a rough-and-ready firefighter to be an orator, but Bob Leidig's not so bad, not so bad at all.

Of course, there will be a sort of open-house at the fire station all week, display of the apparatus, distributing of fire-prevention literature, etc. Oh, yes, some of this literature will be given to the Sunset pupils to take home, too.

On Tuesday the firemen will make an inspection of the business section, poking their respective and collective noses into rears of stores, dumping grounds back of stores, and such places.

On Wednesday they will try to do the same thing in the residence sections, but this is a lot of territory to cover and it is our thought that many a scandalous cellar will go unseen.

On Thursday night the firemen promise a "spectacular" fire drill on Sixth street between Dolores and San Carlos. We quote the "spectacular" because that was the word used by the chief. There will also be a first-aid demonstration by the boys who are experts at that.

Firemen who have nice-looking, well-pressed uniforms will wear them throughout the week. When you see one of them you needn't slow down, it won't be the police, but don't light any fires in the street.

DORA HAGEMEYER RESIGNS AS LIBRARY TRUSTEE

Dora Hagemeyer has resigned as a member of the board of trustees of the Harrison Memorial Library and the trustees recommend to the city council that Mrs. John B. Adams be appointed to fill the vacancy.

The council, receiving the communication Wednesday night, referred it to the city attorneys for a resolution in accordance with the wishes of the library trustees.

Mrs. Adams is the widow of John B. Adams who was chairman of the library board of trustees a few years ago.

REFERS TO CIVIL SERVICE LAWS IN CASE; PROTEST PETITIONS ARE BEING SIGNED

In a statement regarding the recent demotion of John L. Nye from the position of assistant postmaster to that of clerk in the Carmel post office, Mrs. Irene Cator, postmaster, made the following statement to THE CYMBAL yesterday:

"While I do not feel that it would be proper for me to make public the charges I filed against Mr. Nye, and on which he was demoted from assistant postmaster, I do wish to call attention to the civil service laws which provide that more than failure 'to work in harmony' with the postmaster, as stated in THE CYMBAL last week, is necessary to warrant action such as was taken in this case. My charges involved more than this—much more. They would have to."

In justice to Nye it should be said that he made flat denial of the charges made against him by Mrs. Cator. According to him, the postal inspectors recommended his demotion principally because they were convinced that the very fact of the postmaster's charges made it impossible for him to continue to serve as her assistant with the divided authority which this position imposes.

THE CYMBAL was informed yesterday that petitions are being circulated, protesting the demotion of Nye and asking that he be returned to his civil service rating. We have been asked to say that one of the petitions may be signed at Tilly Polak's shop at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street.

Building Permits This Year Again To Set Record

With September building permits totalling \$14,895, the year's total to date is \$273,083 as against \$253,294 for the entire 12 months of last year. Last year the last three months amassed a total of nearly \$40,000 and if this year's final quarter does as well, the figure for 1937 will be around \$315,000, or about \$50,000 ahead of last year. And, according to B. W. Adams, building inspector, the 1936 total broke all records in Carmel.

The most important permits issued in the past week were to John Hancock for two houses on Casanova street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, one, an adobe veneer, one-story structure, to cost \$5900, and the other, frame and rustic, \$4600.

Former President Herbert Hoover has taken a house at Pebble Beach for a few months.

and to disagree with them in other.

Her proposal that the mayor should stop children selling newspapers in front of the post office reminds us of the many times and often we have commented editorially on this and stated the case of THE CYMBAL in endeavoring to prevent sales of our own paper being an annoyance. We have found it difficult on some Fridays during the summer months to get in and out of the post office without edging our way through groups of news vendors and being accosted going in by a half dozen persisting voices and accosted coming out by a similar number. We have grieved that some of these vendors are urging purchase of THE CYMBAL. We have not liked the idea that those who have been annoyed as we have, have looked down on the front page of THE CYMBAL and connected their annoyance with it. We have consistently tried to eliminate this state of affairs as far as this paper is concerned. We have repeatedly admonished our salesmen and salesladies against crowding in the post office doors, leaping on automobile running boards, and glueing themselves to pedestrians while appealing for sales. It hasn't done much good in some cases, a little in others, and much in a few. But the general annoyance has continued and for our part in it, we are sorry.

But we find it difficult to refuse a demure, quiet, lovely little girl, or an upstanding, handsome, enthusiastic boy a chance to make a half dollar or a dollar on Friday. We find it, in fact, too difficult.

But the trouble is virtually over now for another eight months. With school in session there are few newspaper vendors on the job. And before the next summer vacation we intend to work out some plan whereby you will not be annoyed at the post office—that is, not by children selling CYMBALS.

As for Miss Polak's objection to opening Junipero street, we do not agree with her at all. We believe, as we have so often said, that opening Junipero street would be the answer to many things. It most assuredly would be the answer to the problem presented by the present stream of traffic along San Carlos street. We are afraid that Miss Polak's proposal that this traffic be detoured around through Dolores street for certain hours during school days, would not solve the problem at all, even if it were possible to enforce such a regulation, which we doubt. There are other times during the day when school children are crossing that street except just before school opens and just after. And what about local automobile traffic which is compelled to use San Carlos street, for deliveries opposite the school, for other business purposes? It would be difficult to make fish of one and fowl of another.

On the other hand, the opening of Junipero street would carry much of the traffic now flowing through San Carlos, through the town and out without most of us knowing anything about it. The majority of the tourists from the south turn into San Carlos merely to go through Carmel, to be able to say they have gone through it. They arrive at filling stations at Seventh street and Ocean avenue and ask the one question: "How do I get out of here?" Junipero street would do them just as well. They would be able to pass "quaint" houses, peek down Ocean avenue as they cross it, and out they go. We haven't suffered a bit.

As for another "paved street," we don't apprehend that the council or the property owners propose a wide, speedway boulevard on Ju-

nipero. It isn't necessary. A two-lane smooth road down the center of the 100-foot-wide street, with parked strips on both sides, would be all that would be necessary for many years to come. And the cost of it, borne by all taxpayers in the city, would not be difficult to pay.

—W. K. B.

Federal Gallery To Have First Show of Oils

The first showing of oils in the Federal Art Gallery in Seven Arts Court, besides being quite interesting, will be one of the shortest shows that the gallery has ever had. The reason is that Saturday night the Federal Art Project moves out of their present quarters on Lincoln and Ocean and will seek other lodgings, possibly in Monterey. Amelie Waldo, acting supervisor of the local project, will have her desk in the Monterey WPA office on the corner of Alvarado and Del Monte avenue, until they locate a new gallery.

The present show, if you can spare the time to run up and look either today or tomorrow, is mostly the work of two artists, Richard Guy Walton and Joseph Sheridan. The only other artist represented is Jerre Murry of Los Angeles with one landscape which seemed to us to be a bit flat for all of his bright colors and whites and what have you.

Sheridan has had pastels and prints in the local Federal Gallery before. He is from Oakland and has done several murals at Mills College. The small canvas called "Point Richmond" has strength and vitality and good strong colors, well adjusted to each other. The rather mystic "Allegory" has some interesting painting and the typical Sheridan blocked form. The Walton paintings are exciting, strong and healthy in their attack. The Nevada painter likes to paint and he likes pigments and he slathers them on in a very effective manner. His madonna and child is a beautiful piece of work, finely painted, full of expression and a well organized composition. —V. C. S.

W. T. MAHAR OPENS STORE IN MONTEREY TOMORROW

W. T. Mahar, who is opening a men's clothing store in Monterey tomorrow, has had many years of experience in the field of adorning the less deadly of the species. He was manager of the men's hats, shoes and furnishings department at Hastings in San Francisco for 10 years and then had three years as merchandise manager of the men's and boys' department of Kahn's in Oakland. For the past two years Mahar has been manager of the men's and boys' department at Holman's in Pacific Grove. His new store, re-designed by C. J. Ryland, provides for the best possible means of exhibiting his stock of new fall merchandise.

You know Eleanor Yates? Yes? Then you know Domino.

Eleanor and Domino sauntered up to the post office Wednesday.

A man ("Never saw him before in my life," says Eleanor) bestowed a wriggling-finger caress on Domino's nose.

"I used to raise Dalmatians in New York," he said.

"The best of the breed I ever saw in New York was at the 44th street fire station," said Mrs. Yates.

"Yeah, I used to supply those dogs," said the man.

Eleanor smiled and went in to get her mail. There wasn't any.

CARMEL CAPERS

One thing with which we are thoroughly bored in an otherwise amusing world is commercialized courtesy. We are weary to the point of nausea of buying compliments with our hats, super-salesmanship handclaps with our automobiles and radiant male smiles with our gasoline.

We discussed this heretical conception with Ted Watson, an ornamental young man who occasionally dissipates some small store of his energies in the interests of one of the large oil companies. We suggested that he put up signs reading "we dispense gas and oil . . . no courtesy." If you should happen to discover Ted distorting his lovely features into a likeness of Ned Sparks, you will know that he is merely practising for our new advertising slogan, "don't come here for courtesy, . . . we're in the gas business."

Last week's *New Yorker* contained a very interesting article on the inconsistencies of the English language but neglected to comment on the fact that while we do say a rude, untutored person, is "uncouth," it is never said of the opposite type "he was so couth and charming." Nor has anyone ever seen a "squeamish" person who "squeamed."

We visited Marie Short in the mountain fastness of her Woodside abode and were there regaled with a charming if difficult synthesis of the latest Stravinsky records and Marie's newest limericks and stories. We suspect and even hope that she won't be able to resist the lure of Carmel much longer.

Since Freddie and Mim Godwin have gone away on a vacation, Bobby Smith is acting as night clerk at La Playa. We haven't tried, but we do believe it is possible to have the night clerk sent up with one's ice water, and the hostelry business should be picking up by bounds and leaps as a result of so charming an arrangement.

Dave Davis and Lewis Mason have returned from a hunting expedition conducted partly in the high Sierra mountains and partly in the St. Francis Hotel. That part of the safari which took place in the St. Francis was highly successful.

One sees again the old familiar faces of the aborigines in Whitney's on a Saturday night. We thought something sensational must surely be brewing to cause Black Bart and Duke Nye to clothe themselves in the conventional, restrained elegance of blue serge and neckties. Ray Burns was even wearing a hat. Has the metropolitan invasion made these simple natives clothes-conscious? As long as the feminine element eschews the

Mother Hubbard, we shall hope that the reform is not permanent.

Ray Zanetta is an old friend to Carmel night-lifers. In doing the rounds don't overlook his new "Gold Room" cocktail lounge in Monterey.

There was not too much fruitless philosophical speculation as to the content of the punch brewed by Jon Konigshofer for his pent-house warming and the party was a notable success.

—LIBBY LEY

Marjorie Legge Highly Praised

Marjorie Legge (Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann) played better than she ever has before on a concert stage and looked even more beautiful at the concert Tuesday evening under the sponsorship of the Monterey Peninsula Musical Arts Club. The Golden Bough Green Room was well filled and applause was generous throughout the evening, rising to an excited crescendo after the final number, Schumann's "Fantasie in C Major" in which Miss Legge surpassed herself. The Schumann was the highlight of the evening and by that time Miss Legge completely lost any self-consciousness she may have had in the earlier numbers and gave a fine spirited rendition. During the lighter numbers by Ravel (The Fountain) and Scarlatti (Gigue) Miss Legge was in her own element. The compositions are delicate and fragile and require a lightness of touch which Miss Legge gives by nature. Yet in the Schumann, where strength and power are needed, from some reserve source she brought the power out and there was nothing faked about the strong passages in the composition.

The program opened with the Bach "Italian Concerto" which was played beautifully although Miss Legge seemed a bit timid with this first number. The Brahms number, "Intermezzo in E Major," was carefully and intelligently presented. Two encores were graciously given at the close of the program, a Chopin Prelude and another Brahms Intermezzo.

SUNSET SCHOOL TRUSTEES TO MEET TUESDAY

The board of trustees meeting for Sunset School District is slated for next Tuesday afternoon, October 5, at 3 o'clock, instead of the usual hour of 8 p.m. Frank Shea, board member, has announced that the meetings will hereafter be at 3 p.m. on the first Tuesday of each month.

Walt Pilot will leave soon for a three weeks' vacation in Canada. He plans to go into the interior of British Columbia and along the North Pacific Coast.

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Those Veterans Sure Legged It To N.Y.

They may have left in the evening but they took "hold of the wings of the morning" early. They departed here at 6 p.m. of a Tuesday evening and they were eating breakfast in Cheyenne, Wyoming, at 4:30 o'clock on Thursday morning. The Shell road book tells us that by automobile highway it is 1409 miles from here to Cheyenne. The time consumed by Earl Graft and Conrad Imelman between here and there, including a short space when Graft visited a convalescing son at San Jose, was 34½ hours. If you do some long division you will determine that they made an average of 40 miles an hour. It is said that the second day out they drove 900 miles.

At any rate, they drove up in front of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City at noon on Sunday and at once got themselves mingled with Legionnaires from all corners of the country.

Mrs. Conrad Imelman received word from Conrad yesterday, a letter written last Saturday morning, telling her that he and Earl and Dave Askew and Barney Segal were at that moment hefting their luggage to walk up the gangway of the S. S. Rex to embark for Naples. From Naples they go to Rome to see the Pope and Mussolini as they promised the Pope and Mussolini they would. Then they journey over to France to take part in the general celebration of World War veterans from all over the world.

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SHELL STATIONS HELP YOU TO KEEP TAB ON FOOTBALL

We stopped by at the Shell Station to get our 1937 Football Schedule the other day. Like many a home-tied native we were chained to the radio listening to the resounding cheers from our Alma Mater last Saturday while she trounced St. Mary's to a fare-thee-well. We hope to be able to get up for one of the games. That darned little booklet is too convenient. Just slip it into your pocket and forget about it until the next time you pull it out and get the urges all over again. We like football in the rain better than in the "blistering noon-day sun," however, so we will wait till later in the season. A letter from Berkeley tells us that the ambulance was busy all afternoon carting out fainting people who forgot to carry their parasols. —V. C. S.

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CERAMIC ARTS STORE TO OPEN IN DUMMAGE BUILDING

Bob Grindlay and Dixie McSheffery got peeved last summer when they were on the Peninsula. They were peeved enough to come back here again and start a shop to furnish the Peninsula with some things they had looked for and were not able to find a year ago. Neither of them has ever run this type of shop before but they have had a lot of business experience. Their place, which will occupy the corner store in the new Dummage Building, on Ocean and Lincoln, will stock pottery, modern California furniture and probably a couple of shelves of "whatnots." Grindlay's father was one of the largest antique dealers in London.

The firm of Grindlay and McSheffery say they will sell anything in the shop. Now, Mr. G., we do think your door knob is very nice. How about that?

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Marguerite Tickle entertained at tea at Highlands Inn last Monday in honor of Charlotte Lawrence. Among the guests were Charlotte Doud, Audrey Martin, Elizabeth Todd and Rosa Miller.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

A new high in attendance was reached at Sunset School this week with 15 new pupils, bringing the total up to 463 for this term as compared with 416 of the same time last year.

An original play by Fennimore Bradley of the Fifth grade will be presented at the school assembly tomorrow morning at 11:20. The play is entitled "The Discovery of America by Leif Ericsson." It will be acted out by members of the Fifth and Sixth grades.

The Parent-Teacher Association has donated two new cots with bedding to the school. These contributions will allow several more children to take rest periods if the school nurse feels they need a bit more "shut-eye" during the day.

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Scout Budget Nearly Tops

Byington Ford has gotten the idea that he's a pretty good letter-writer. He points with pride to the result of his personally-conducted campaign to raise the \$1700 Carmel Boy Scout Budget for the next fiscal year. He wrote three letters and he got \$1385. That's not so bad for a real estate man who never claimed to be a Robert Browning, or an Elizabeth Barrett, for that matter. The rest of the necessary fund, a mere matter of \$315, will be acquired by Ford by means of what he calls his mop-up drive. We take it that he goes out at night and sandbags people in this final drive.

But Ford puts more than campaign efficiency into this Boy Scout business. He puts his heart in it. The two Boy Scout troops of Carmel, the Cub Pack and the Sea Scout Ship mean a lot to By and, as he puts it, they mean a lot to him because they mean a lot to the boys in them.

"The public is somewhat confused about this Boy Scout business," By says. "The organization is not military, is non-sectarian and is devoted to the moral, mental and physical development of the boy. We try to frame a constructive program that will also be fun and play. We try to take the boy's natural instincts and enthusiasms and guide them. We recognize the 'gang' spirit in boys and shape that into something worth while."

By says that when Father O'Connell sent in his subscription from the Mission he suggested that By come down there and let the Father put him right. But that was off the record.

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WANT A NICE FEDERAL JOB AS A HUSBANDMAN?

There is a nice fat job as principal animal husbandman in the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, waiting for the right man. A salary of \$5,600 a year goes to the top man taking the United States Civil Service competitive examination. Fred Strong at the Post Office can tell you more about it.

Sunday Will Be Rally Day At Community

The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Community Church, has announced this Sunday, October 3, a Rally Day and the week of October 3-9 a Rally Week. Beginning with open house in all departments of the Church School at 9:45 Sunday, the program includes a reception of church members, consecration of teachers and a sermon by the pastor on "This Unspanked Generation" (of interest to boys and girls and parents alike) at the 11 o'clock service; an Epworth League Rally at 6:30 for the young people, and conferences throughout the week. The conferences are as follows: Monday, October 4, at 7:30 for parents of Primary Department children; Tuesday, October 5, at 7:30 for Junior Parents; Wednesday, October 6, at 7:30 an open conference on Christian Living for all interested, and Friday, October 8, at 7:30 for parents of young people.

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Noel Sullivan was host at a dinner dance at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco in honor of his niece, Alice Murphy, and her fiancé, Gordon Jason, last Saturday night.

'Thirteenth Chair' At Filmarte Sunday

"The Thirteenth Chair," a mystery-murder drama will open at the Filmarte for a two-day run, starting this Sunday, October 3. Thirteen people at a social gathering sit down to an informal seance. When the lights are turned on again, 12 living people are seated in the circle and one of them is a murderer. The solution of the crime rests on the shoulders of Dame May Whitty, English star, who plays the part of an occult in the picture. Others in the cast are Madge Evans, Thomas Beck, Elissa Landi, Lewis Stone, Ralph Forbes, Henry Daniell and Charles Trowbridge. The story is from the play by Bayard Veiller.

Tuesday at the Filmarte will be Edward Arnold as "Diamond Jim Brady" one of the most famous characters of the gay 90s, and one of Arnold's finest characterizations. The foreign film offering for the week will be "Mirage de Paris," a

French musical comedy with English titles which will play Wednesday and Thursday.

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DR. FRED SHELDON TO SPEAK AT CHURCH HOME-COMING

The Annual Community Church Home-coming Day, Sunday, October 10, will serve as a greeting to all church members and friends and will particularly welcome the Rev. Dr. Fred Sheldon, former pastor of the church. Dr. Sheldon, who is now pastor emeritus of the church, will speak at the morning service. At 12:15 there will be a "pot-luck" dinner and a fellowship program.

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An Announcement...

Of interest to every man and woman on the Monterey Peninsula, the opening tomorrow, Saturday, October 2, at noon of a modern Store for Men. Modern in merchandise, modern in equipment, but most of all modern in its determination to be of service to the people of the Monterey Peninsula in their Men's Clothing needs.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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October 1, 1937

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CAR-
MEL CYMBAL for the past six
months:

March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760

The August average weekly net
paid circulation of THE CYMBAL of
608 in the Carmel area (Carmel,
Carmel Highlands and Pebble
Beach) is far in excess of that of
any other Carmel newspaper.

An Apology

To CYMBAL subscribers who are
members of the Carmel Woman's
Club, or who take an interest in the
affairs of that organization, I wish,
personally, to apologize for THE
CYMBAL's failure last week to print
the advance notice of the club's
activities for the winter. Our only
excuse for not printing it is that the
information was not given to us.
The reason it was not given to us
is because Thelma Miller of the
Pine Cone is the "Press Chairman"
of the Carmel Woman's Club.

This is a situation with which
the only newspaper ethics I know
renders me unable to cope. What
I have absorbed of that ethics in
some 30 years' newspaper experi-
ence, divided among half a dozen
metropolitan centers of this coun-
try, has prompted me, within the
past three months, to telephone the
Pine Cone on two occasions and
give it information I felt it had as
much right as I to have. Within
the past two weeks I suggested to
a person who gave me information
of important concern to the public
that she also inform the Pine Cone.

But newspaper ethics in Bakers-
field, where the Millers came from,
is apparently different. Having
never worked in that big city, I
wouldn't know.

—W. K. BASSETT

Here's an Adventure!

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THIS THING AND THAT

Of course you know all this al-
ready.

"Carmel, 'the garden with fruit
trees,' is a mountain that rises
abruptly from the shore, at the
south extremity of the bay of
Acre." Water is not abundant, but
olive trees, oaks and pines are many.
"Cisterns, oil and wine presses
hewn in the rock, attest the ancient
cultivation." Thus the Temple Bi-
ble Dictionary.

Carmel was in great repute with
many who sought refuge in isola-
tion. (Carmel, Palestine; but
you're right—it does sound famil-
iar.)

Carmel symbolized beauty, fer-
tility, the life happy and prosper-
ous. A blight upon it signified
"disastrous days for Isr." (Much,
we might say, as a blight upon us
would signify disastrous days for
the Pnsa.)

Carmel was no good at all from
a military point of view. (There
was no Monterey Presidio hard by
either.)

Carmel's "remote heights, . . .
sheltered retreats and shady groves,
attracted worshippers before the
dawn of hist." (That's like us, too!
Well, not quite before the dawn of
hist.)

The prophet Micah speaks of the
people "which dwell solitary, in the
forest in the midst of Carmel."

Amos groups Carmel with the
three sublimities of heaven, hell,
and the bottom of the sea.

And our own true name, Carmel
by the sea, you may find in Jerem-
iah, 46: 18.

Are you ready now for a second
biblical Carmel? The first was a
mountain. Here's another: "A
town in the uplands of Judah,
owned by Nabal."

This, by the way, is "the modern
el-Karmel, seven miles south of He-
bron, with considerable ruins, a
tower of the 12th century, a large
reservoir, caves and tombs. The in-
habitants are called Carmelites."
(How much of this shall we ar-
rogate to ourselves? Not that con-
siderable ruins business. Mr. Jeffers
has a tower; not 12th century, to
be sure, but no 1937 model either
... And we have an incinerator
and traffic buttons on narrow lanes
which aren't on their list and go
them two better.)

But to get back to Nabal.

Nabal was quite a man. He
owned the whole town. But he lost
Mrs. Nabal just the same. That is,
he lost his life first, but Mrs. Nabal
had something to do with it. You
might say she intervened.

You see, Nabal had a mean and
peevish disposition. There was no
excuse for it because he was plenty
rich enough to be kind-hearted. Be-
sides the town of Carmel, he owned
a thousand goats and three thou-
sand sheep. But if another chap
needed a leg of lamb or a bunch of
grapes from his vineyards, do you
think he'd hand them out? Not he.

It was so bad that one of the boys
who worked for him came right out
and said: "He's such a son of Belial
that a man cannot speak to him."

He told that to Nabal's wife. It
had gotten as bad as that.

Nabal's wife Abigail wasn't a bit
like him. She was a very nice lady
who understood how much a man
needs to be appreciated when he's
low, and she had a beautiful face.

David, who wasn't king yet, had
been having a lot of trouble with
Saul. He and his men were out in
the wilderness of Paran and they
were hungry. Someone told him
that this rich Nabal was shearing
his sheep in Carmel.

So, naturally, David sent mes-
sengers to Nabal to ask for a little
hospitality, and Nabal wasn't a bit
regular about it. He said who is
this David anyhow and why should
he chisel off me? That burned Da-
vid up because his own men had
helped Nabal's boys guard the sheep
out in the fields. They hadn't bor-
rowed a thing or picked any fights.
David thought this was a fine way
to say thank you. Right away he
and four hundred other fighting
chaps girded on their swords and
started back to Nabal's.

Well, luckily for everyone but
Nabal, as it turned out, one of Na-
bal's boys told Abigail about it.
They talked very pretty language
in those days and what this boy
said was: "Behold, David sent mes-
sengers out of the wilderness to
salute our master; and he railed on
them. But the men were very good
unto us, and we were not hurt,
neither missed we any thing, as long
as we were conversant with them,
when we were in the fields."

Abigail the Carmelites knew
just what to do, because she was
smart and kind and had a beautiful
face. She had them load up some
little Palestinian asses with a very
nice lunch for David and his men.
They fixed up two hundred loaves
of bread and five sheep ready dress-
ed and a hundred bunches of grapes
and two hundred cakes of figs be-
sides some other things. Then Abi-
gail sent servants on ahead with the
asses and she followed after.

But she didn't tell Nabal. Not
till after she had seen David.

She met David when he was com-
ing down a hill part way over to
her place. Abigail gave him the
food on the little asses' backs. She
praised David with beautiful words
and she tried to take all the blame
for Nabal's meanness. But David
knew it wasn't her fault.

Besides, David was so happy in
his heart to be saved from doing
all the murders he had vowed to do
to Nabal's folks that he was very
grateful to Abigail.

When Abigail reached home
again, her good-for-nothing hus-
band was having a big party and
he was entirely drunken. Abigail
was a very sensible woman so she
didn't tell him a thing until the
morning light when the wine was
gone out of him. Then she told him,
and about ten days later Nabal
died.

That's all, except that Abigail
became David's wife, and we won-
der whether you really did know all
this already? —EDITH FRISBIE

++
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS are
really surprising little result-getters!

Dr. Paul Cadman To Talk Before Woman's Club

The opening of the 1937-38 sea-
son of the Carmel Woman's Club
next Monday, October 5, will as-
semble its members at a luncheon
at Pine Inn and a lecture program
scheduled for 2:30 in the after-
noon. Dr. Paul Cadman will be
the guest speaker. His topic will be
"The Social Significance and Pro-
gress of the Labor Movement."
Dr. Cadman, formerly a professor
in the economics department at the
University of California, is now in
business and stands high as an au-
thority on current economic events.

The Woman's Club is open to all
Carmel women. Dues are \$4 a year
and an initiation fee of \$1 is pay-
able either at the opening meeting
or may be mailed to Mrs. James E.
Ainsworth, P.O. Box 395.

Sectional meetings of the Club
will also begin next week, starting
with the book section which will
have its first meeting Wednesday
morning, October 6, at 10:30 at
Pine Inn. Julia Cooley Altrocchi
will be the guest speaker. Mrs.
Ross Miller is in charge.

The Garden Section meets
Thursday, October 7, at the home
of Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper at 10
o'clock. Mrs. Willis G. White is
in charge of the Current Events
Section, which will open Wednes-
day, October 13. Mrs. Lawrence
M. Knox will discuss the Far East-
ern situation at that time. "The
bridge section meets on the second
and fourth Monday afternoons each
month, under the leadership of
Mrs. John Jordan, at Pine Inn.

Mrs. Harry S. Nye is president
of the club and the other officers
are: Mrs. John S. Mather, vice-
president; Agnes Knight, recording
secretary; Mrs. John Albee, corres-
ponding secretary; Mrs. James
Ainsworth, treasurer; Mrs. John
L. Fitch, chairman of programs;
Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, chairman

of House; Mrs. W. E. Heathorne,
chairman of Hospitality; Mrs. J.
B. McCarthy, chairman of revision;
Mrs. Ross C. Miller, press chair-
man, and Mrs. Fenton Grigsby,
director at large.

++

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CLANGING CYMBALS



On board "Lochearn" roving the Hebrides like Dr. Johnson and his Boswell.

Sept. 11, 1937
Dear Lynda:

Thank you for the CYMBAL with your vivid article on our old lady. I am glad you brought her down from that lonely spot. I think she had meditated there long enough and will now be happy watching life in our village—perhaps give a bit of advice now and again. If you ever go travelling you can leave her at Tor House.

We came over from Ireland a few days ago having motored about five thousand miles up and down—that makes ten thousand for us there counting last time. We have decided that Donegal is altogether the most beautiful and thrilling county in Ireland. Our month there was all too short. The country is very wild even forbidding with its terrific cliffs and lofty headlands jutting into the sea—bare rocky mountains and deep dark ravines, the only color the black of peat and faint purple of heather. Ah, but there is the dashing red of the high two-wheeled peat carts and the women's skirts and my dress for I bought a scarlet knit dress to light up the dark days.

The people were gay and active and there were a thousand possibilities for every hour. Walking, climbing mountains, gazing at antiquities and reading epitaphs. (My boys jibe at me for finding a graveyard the most stimulating place in the world for the imagination. Why not? In each poor little space a completed life story—and there all the loves and hates and enmities quiet and companionable whether they wished it or not! I shall adore epitaphs always and do hope somebody will write a fine stimulating one for me.)

There were fertile little farms between the bare mountains and on one of these stood the rambling old gray stone house where we found such a cheerful welcome. There was much swimming—the water is warmed by some current much warmer than our Carmel ocean. Our meal hours were quaint—breakfast at 9:00, dinner 1:30, high tea 5:00, supper at 10:30. Even supper by daylight, so far north were we. And it wasn't a hardship to get soaking wet every day when there were fragrant peat fires going in every room.

Now my great dream about the Hebrides is coming true. We hope to go to the Orkneys and Shetlands next week but the boats are uncertain now the season's late. Storms are now holding many ships bound in the Orkneys.

These remote and frightening rocky islands! The sight of the gaunt gray stone houses braced against the wind stirs one profoundly. I wish you could have been with us yesterday when we stopped at Barra. It was seven in the evening, wild black clouds across a red sunset. Close to shore the old ruined Castle of the McNeils, very beautiful in shape and color. A few people disembarked. One was a girl carrying a tiny five-weeks-old baby, a wee waxen shrivelled creature whose mother had died bearing it—herself only a girl of 18 and only ten months a wife. She had gone to a Glasgow hospital to have her baby. Now her sister was bringing it back to rear on a tiny island beyond Barra. The woman and baby were met by an old

and a young man in a sailboat. (The father and grandfather?) We watched the boat with its dark henna sail, as it sped away into the storm around the further rocks of Barra. That tiny baby motherless in such bitter cold and storm—I shall never forget its homecoming.

You'd have been interested in a flock of sheep left at one island. They are so helpless—if the pitching of the boat knocked one down it just lay there until a sailor noticed it and raised it. One wasn't seen in time and smothered beneath the others.

Perhaps you see I am not bored. Our friendliest greetings.

—UNA JEFFERS

(Note: as we opened this charming and welcome letter, a bit of green flew out. At the end of the letter are these words: Bog myrtle—crush—smell. The bog myrtle was already pretty well crushed, but about it a faint odor of herbs still clings, evoking the earth smells of Ireland.)

+

Of Our Mother and a Fair Stranger Who Passed Her Way.

The kitchen at Fernside was bright with October zest when Agnes came down to it that morning six years ago. She hurried a little, having overslept Father and wishing to have his breakfast ready for him by the time he finished his chores. From the low-ceiled buttery she took the double boiler and poured hot water into yesterday's oatmeal, stirring out the lumps. When she put it on the stove she brushed away the pieces of chip and birch bark Pa had left when he built the fire and put another stick of wood in. Her arm was numb again this morning, but it seemed as if she never had been so well. A light-heartedness, a kind of excitement, made her feel like a young girl so that when she had set the coffee to percolate she ran and thrust open the door on the magnificent raging hills and laughed aloud at the mad young maple on the lawn.

Then she ran back to set the table. No. Not the good dishes this morning. The homely old winter things. Summer was over. Yesterday the last of the children had left for college and she and Pa were alone after almost thirty-six years. She thought of last night and smiled her sweet secret smile, reaching down to pat Graymouse the cat when she came up to rub her ankles. It suddenly seemed as if life with Pa was beginning all over; a new and even more joyous marriage. Well, she was a silly old woman to be thinking that way, but she'd make this winter a kind of honeymoon. She'd make him all the things he liked best to eat; she'd hop into the car whenever he went even to the village; she'd go to the Grange and Rebekah meetings. She could take time to be wife, now the mothering was over.

When the breakfast was ready, she went to the barn to call Father in. The tang of October air smote her lungs like cold water and she felt bursting with joy. Father was milking the last cow and she leaned against the stanchion and ran her hand over the hard place between Mollie's horns. Mollie lowered her head with a tremendous exhalation, running her tongue up one nostril and then the other, and lifting Agnes' skirts with her dewy nose. You most ready for breakfast? Agnes asked.

Got to fodder up first, Pa answered. 'Twon't be long.

I'll feed Goldie.

Running her fingers through the smooth oats as she pushed the mea-

sure of grain under Goldie's nose, Agnes thought: How old she is. The last of Kitty's colts. And blind as a bat. Ah, but she'd been a fine horse. And she thought of the days she had trotted her in the gig at the county fair and how she had been born with a caul over her which almost strangled her. Goldie left off her munching to reach out and nip at Agnes' percale dress and slobber on it a little. Perhaps they had better do away with her before the angry cold set in. Oh, no, she is happy. She is happy and wants to live, Agnes cried within, knowing for herself how Goldie felt.

She came to the milk room, where Pa was just setting the full pail on the cooler. Great morning, he said. Come on up to the new barn and see what I did yesterday.

They climbed perilously by board and beam up to the top scaffolding of the new barn. Agnes was awkward at this kind of thing, but even at sixty-two Pa was as limber as a mountain goat. Once her arm gave quite away while she was pulling herself up and Pa saved her from a fall. But she didn't mention the arm. It would be better as the day went on.

Oh, how wonderful a world theirs was!

Seems so the leaves are prettier this year than ever before, Agnes said out of the fulness of this clear morning's joy.

The maple on the lawn was shrieking at the white birches and copper oaks down in the south pasture, making wanton gestures in the slight wind. Yellow pumpkins in the stacked corn seemed playing hide-and-go-seek. And all over the side of Crany Hill was a marching with banners and the crows calling their raucous matins. Masses of immaculate cloud tumbled tipsily about the sky and the long morning shadows still rested in the valley of the Contoocook.

Agnes stood with Pa's arm over her shoulder and a mysticism and a pride immingled in her so that tears stood in the corners of her eyes.

What you crying for? the man asked.

I was thinking—how not many folks have such pretty places as Fernside, she said softly. And of our being alone again after so many years . . . and last night.

Pa tightened his arm about her waist. It don't work, our trying to

sleep away from each other after all this time. I guess we got the habit too bad. You went right to sleep soon's you got back into bed where you belong, didn't you?

Yes. Right to sleep.

They stood looking over the acres of Fernside, but they were thinking of each other. Wandering thoughts of the nights and days of their thirty-five and a half years together. Of their children. Of the gay times and the hard times, too. But chiefly of each other. Agnes felt shy again, as when she was nineteen and a brown young bride. She couldn't speak for the excitement. But she shook it off.

Your breakfast's getting cold, she said. You got much more to do?

Feed the hens. You might bring out the milk strainer.

Agnes went in through the kitchen. She put another stick of wood on the fire and pushed the coffee to the back of the stove. When she opened the back kitchen door to go up to the clothesline she felt a little lightheaded, so bright, so almost unreal. She fairly tripped the short distance to the line, not quite feeling the touch of the earth under her. The milk strainer hung so white—like a thin quadrilateral cloud against the sky.

Funny how clear everything was this morning. Agnes had always loved her clothesline there on the rise of ground back of the house where all the sun and wind were, and where she could hang a wet sheet in the wind while she looked on her whole world at once. This morning it seemed to her that every yellowed old leaf on the Northern Spy tree was a separate piece of gold. So thin and delicate you could almost see through them. She started counting them—one, two, three, four, five . . .

How silly to be counting the leaves on a tree. As her fingers reached for the clothespin, she saw one of the babies running toward her, something clutched in its hand. But one of her own babies! This puzzled her a little. It perplexed her, too, that she couldn't quite tell which one it was. Was it little Maude bringing her the first wild strawberry? But they all brought her gifts. The first berries, the first mayflowers, the first tender purple little checkerberry leaves, the first letters they made at school. But then it wasn't one of the children

at all. It was Kitty, leading up her colt for morning welcome. The morning sang suddenly with the prime music of her life—of love, of love, of love. Eight, nine, ten, she counted the leaves.

But that was Pa coming toward her. He was bringing her the best gift of all. And how bright and young he looked. His black moustache—but, strange!—he'd shaved off his moustache years and years ago. He came forward eagerly, and how beautifully—how beautifully! She reached her hand toward him and the clothespin slipped from her oddly stiff fingers. But he was gone and suddenly a great loneliness came.

Far, very far, away, she heard Pa's footsteps go along the shed and then the slam of the kitchen door. Here she'd been standing dreaming and breakfast waiting. She stepped toward the house, but just where the grassy knoll slopes to encup the kitchen door rock she came face to face with a fair stranger who beckoned her away. And without inquiring his whence nor yet whither, and still holding the white milk cloth in her hand, she smiled and went with him.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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A Column About
Eating and Eaters

I hope no one who reads this column is under the impression that I am doing it because I think I have any claim to being a seasoned cook. As I said in the beginning—I like to eat! As for cooking, I'm still in the experimental stage. Perhaps a really good cook never gets wholly out of it to a certain extent, because it doesn't seem as if cooking could be much fun if you didn't continue to experiment. However that may be, this column is just—well, what of this and some of that! Not an authority on anything . . .

Here's a good dessert for only 12 cents! That is, if you like butterscotch, and most people do. Six cents for the new Butterscotch Pudding made by the Royal Gelatine people and six cents for half a quart of milk! It really has a genuinely rich, buttery taste and is certainly easier to prepare than most cooked desserts. You can make it quite ritzy if you add a few walnuts to the pudding or before serving garnish it with whipped cream and chopped nuts. You can buy the little plaid package anywhere—I doubt if there's one of our nine grocery stores which doesn't carry the popular Royal line of gelatines and puddings . . .

Isn't it a constant surprise the things you can get in cans these days! Time was when canned foods, like baker's bread, were taboo in the best regulated families. But now, what we'd do without them I'm sure I don't know. Here's one I hadn't happened to see before. While I was looking around in the Friendly Market (and it's no misnomer, that name!) my eye was caught by a gay can on the shelf—"Tops" in scarlet-bordered white letters on a black ground, and, below a picture of a bowl of little square cushions with fluted edges, the words "Italian style Ravioli." For the ridiculous sum of ten cents you get enough to serve four people with this famous Italian dish. When you think of the work involved in making what this can contains—to say nothing of the ingredients listed on the label, cheese, eggs, bread, spinach, onions, olive oil, vegetables and seasoning!—and in addition the perfectly blended and deliciously-flavored mushroom sauce, well, that's some dime's worth! . . .

And speaking of a dime's worth, I know another swell value for ten cents. In the Village Five and Ten you can get Patapar—four large sheets of a special parchment paper, each 24 inches square. If you've never tried peas cooked tied up in Patapar you have no idea how different they are from peas cooked in water! Patapar is the most surprising stuff—it's so crisp and stiff when you take it out of the envelope that it seems impossible that you can use it as directed. Then you wet it and presto! it becomes a soft cloth, pliable but tough. Tie your vegetables up in a sheet of it with salt and butter (peeled, of course, and sliced or cut up), stick the bag into a kettle with a little water and let it boil. All the valuable juices, the vitamins, etc., which the dietitians keep harping on, stay right in that paper and when you open it the vegetable is ready to serve. Nothing gets out, nothing gets in! So you can put several bags, each with a different vegetable, into one big kettle, and save cooking fuel. Grease doesn't stick

to Patapar, smells aren't absorbed in it—and it can't dissolve no matter how hot the water . . . There are lots of uses for Patapar. I discovered long ago that it's grand to line the pan into which you pour your fudge or penuchi. When the candy is cool, you can lift the whole sheet out, lay it on a board to cut and easily take the pieces off in neat squares. In case you haven't tried Patapar, let me just add that you can use one piece over and over again! As I said, it's another good dime's worth . . .

There's a certain time in the afternoon, around 4 o'clock, when you begin to feel less energetic, less like working—that's the psychological moment for afternoon tea! The English, who have had the right idea for years, calmly drink their daily tea regardless of where they are, in business offices or traveling on trains. Sometime the big business firms of this country will serve tea to their employees as part of the day's routine, and they'll do it because they'll get better work the last part of the day from those same employees. As for the pleasures of a sociable chat over a cup of tea, they need no expounding—few of us indeed who don't enjoy wasting a little time that way!

A particularly nice place to refresh yourself with a cup of tea is at Jane's Cake Shop on Dolores street. Jane, who comes from the country which has made afternoon tea popular, serves a delicious English tea. Hot buttered scones with marmalade or cinnamon toast or a plate of assorted little cakes and cookies—one of these with the 30-cent tea, while scones or toast plus cakes for a more hearty 45-cent tea. And are they delectable, any and all of them! Crisp little wafer-thin cookies, tiny fat round ones with pine nuts on top, little cupcakes frosted, and one specially grand drop cookie made of corn flakes, the perfect combination of crispness and chewiness! If you have a weakness for good sweets, well, you'll find a lot of strong temptations at Jane's, believe me. Before we went away we had a taste of "lemon cheese" which Jane had just been making (it's also called "lemon curd") which isn't cheese at all, but a smooth thick lemon cream for cake fillings and such. Melts on your tongue but keeps indefinitely in the glass jars Jane puts it up in. And people send for it from points all over the country—as you aren't surprised to hear when you taste it. Mr. Etter says he likes it on toast for breakfast. Now there's an idea, when you want one, for a delicious and different afternoon tea—lemon cheese (instead of marmalade) with buttered toast or muffins! A jar of Jane's luscious lemon cheese ought to be on everyone's emergency shelf . . .

Among a wealth of fascinating facts in that priceless volume, "Dr. Chase's Recipes; or Information for Everybody," which was the stand-by of most households in the 1860's, there is a valuable section devoted to cooking. Dr. Chase believed thoroughly in economical living and in the introduction to the food recipes he remarks impressively: "Frugality and industry, combined with moral virtue and intelligence, will insure individual happiness and national prosperity." Whereupon he gives as his first recipe a "Federal Cake" which requires 10 ounces of fresh butter, 5

eggs and a pound and a quarter of sugar!

He also tells us: "Some people put dimes into pies and puddings, where others only put in cents; the cent dishes are the most healthy." Rather a sweeping statement and what do you mean, healthy, Dr. Chase? And what about the charmingly-named "Rough and Ready Cake" which calls for a pound of butter? There'd be several dimes in that cake, I'm thinking. But I mustn't be unfair to the good doctor. He does give one cake recipe that sounds startlingly economical—Pork Cake, Without Butter, Milk, or Eggs, and it has the added advantage that it will keep a whole season. Dr. Chase winds up the recipe for this rare confection by demanding, and with reason, you must admit: "When pork will do all we here claim for it, who will longer contend that it is not fit to eat? Who!" —CONSTANT EATER

Florence Curtin To Aid Drive of Red Cross

Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, general chairman for the forthcoming Red Cross Roll Call, announces that she has appointed Miss Florence Curtin to work with her as chairman of the District Organization. Carmel territory is divided into 14 residential districts and the services of from 35 to 40 volunteer workers are needed to cover the house-to-house canvass. In the past the women have proven most loyal in this service and there is every indication that volunteers will quickly respond to the call.

Eight memberships is the goal for the November Roll Call and an earnest effort will be made to keep Carmel in the lead over all other state chapters, as it has been for the past three years.

Miss Mary Jones, field representative for American Red Cross, met with the governing board at Community Church on Thursday and outlined the plans for the campaign. Miss Jones was an active worker in the Ohio and Mississippi flood area last spring. Stationed at Louisville, when it was almost entirely under water, she had the opportunity to see the wonderful work accomplished by Red Cross. Her story of these experiences made a deep impression upon the members of the local board. Grateful were they in having been a part of a great organization that could bring relief to millions of suffering people. Proud also that Carmel could exceed its flood relief quotas when the call came.

DR. WING MAH TO ADDRESS CARMEL FORUM THURSDAY

Dr. Wing Mah of the political science department of the University of California will be the speaker for the opening meeting of the Carmel Forum, Thursday, October 7, at 8 o'clock in Sunset School Auditorium. Dr. Mah will discuss the problem of Japan in the Pacific, a topic of great interest at the present time. The Forum, which was well attended last season, plans to have outstanding speakers, leaders in their own field, for the 1937-38 year.

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Isobel Field's Book About Stevenson Recommended for Your Reading

We recommend for your reading list of enjoyable books Isobel Field's autobiography, "This Life I've Loved." You can find it at the Carmel Library or your favorite rental library in town.

Isobel Field is the stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson and while she writes interestingly and vividly of their deep friendship, her own story is one of great fascination. As a child she lived in a rough mining camp, then school in San Francisco and East Oakland. Her high school teacher in Oakland was Edward Roland Sill, the poet, who later became Professor of English Literature at the University at Berkeley.

An aptitude for drawing rather than her studies sent her to the School of Design (later to become the California School of Fine Arts) then on Pine Street above the California Market. She and her mother, Fanny Osbourne, went to Paris to study art and at the little village of Grez, not far from Fontainebleau, where they went one summer, they first met R.L.S. They returned to San Francisco and went to Monterey for a short visit where Stevenson followed them. Belle Osbourne married Joe Strong, well known artist, who, with Charles Warren Stoddard, Julian Rix and Jules Tavernier, started the art colony in Monterey. The Strong's went back to San Francisco and there follows a fine description of the early Latin Quarter in San Francisco, then as now, centering around Montgomery street. They entertained Oscar Wilde and many of the early Bohemian crowd in the studio at 728 Montgomery.

The last half of the book deals with their life in Hawaii, when Kalakaua was King, and in Australia where he worked with Stevenson through his many illnesses and final

tralia, and lastly at Vailima where he buried him and her mother on Mount Vaea.

The book is no great masterpiece of writing but it is humorous and illuminative. The kind of story from which you like to read snatches out loud.

—V. C. S.

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Adult Classes Offer Unique Instruction

Decorated papers for fly leaves of books, for lining portfolios, covering boxes and screens, will be the subject of the opening session of the class in bookbinding to be held at the Monterey Union High School 7:15 to 9:15 Tuesday evening, October 5, in room 32W. Everyone who is interested in this topic will be welcome whether or not he intends to take the course. An actual demonstration of the Italian water method of soft marbling of paper will be given. Those who wish to participate by trying their own hands at marbling are asked to bring large sheets of charcoal or other paper.

The class in the repair and binding of books and manuscripts is a part of the adult evening education program under Principal L. E. Wormley. It is a continuation of the work done last year in the practical exercise of the bookbinders' craft. The instructor, R. L. Bruckman, will begin from the first steps with beginners. Students from last year's class will go on to binding in full leather.

Besides the craftsmanship of book construction and the handling of materials each student will be concerned with the same problems of color, proportion and design which are involved in any other creation of a thing of beauty as well as utility.

+ + +

ROCK GARDEN AND PETUNIA FANATICS TO GATHER

Rock garden and petunia bed fanatics will gather at Hotel Del Monte for the sixth fall meeting of California Garden Clubs, Inc., next week-end, October 8, 9 and 10.

Registration blanks may be obtained from Duncan Murray, president of the Monterey Peninsula Garden Club, or from Mrs. W. C. Bogen. The program for the meeting includes several speakers who will deal authoritatively on iris, fuchsias, orchids, dahlia culture and rock gardens, visits to many prize Peninsula gardens, a tour of the Del Monte Grounds, business meetings and the official dinner Saturday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

+ + +

TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION PLANS SEAL SALE DINNER

The Monterey County Tuberculosis Association is planning a Seal Sale dinner at Hotel Jeffrey in Salinas Friday, October 22, at 7:30 p.m. A certain number of seats have been reserved for Carmel and reservations should be made early by getting in touch with Ernest Calley, 754-J, or the Association Secretary, Mrs. Ada B. Colburn, 143 Nineteenth street, Pacific Grove, telephone Monterey 6937.

Dr. John Sharp, of the County Hospital staff, is securing speakers for the evening who are outstanding in the field of tuberculosis prevention and cure.

+ + +

Gladys Steele Gunderson furnished the music part of a program given at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the San Francisco Explorers' Club. The program was the first of a series of lectures by Dr. William Van Wyck Brooks, author, lecturer and traveler, on "European Peoples Interpreted Through Their Literature." The Tuesday night lecture was on "The Gods of Sunshine and Shadow, Greece, Rome and the Northlands." Mrs. Gunderson sang folk songs of the different countries.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

That was a short, snappy column last week, the shortest of the week anywhere.

This week I'll have to confine myself in order to keep this column from spreading over several pages. I want to sing the praises of a fish known as the albacore and even as the Chicken of the Sea.

But it doesn't look like a chicken. To many of Monterey's fishermen it might be imagined as looking like a fish which is actually an angel in disguise.

That is because of the thousands of dollars worth of albacore pouring into the port from little boats that venture out in the night 30 to 45 miles out to sea. They leave in the night and many come in again by night, the next night, and leave again by night for the long run of five hours more or less to where the schools are riding the warm Pacific currents where the water is always deep blue and not black-green or "dirty" like the shore water you think is so blue.

This time I'm not going to write about myself, for I only made one trip out with my partner and then had to return to a job which pays a mere pittance against what I made that one trip as my share.

I'm going to tell about a man fairly well known in Carmel, who got tired of the hammer of Diesel engines in the great-jawed shovels on the San Simeon road last winter and with the closing of the construction camp at Anderson's canyon laid down his dough for a boat.

It was Carl Brown's first trip for albacore. He had gone out with our friend Virgil Melloy the day before just to see what it was all about, this albacore fishing.

Then, after being laid up all day and all night, he stayed up another night to prepare his gear and start out with the fleet at one in the morning. Because his boat is a little slower than many of us who pride ourselves on speed, he found himself alone on the sea at dawn—all others had crossed over the horizon beyond.

So he stopped the boat and put in another hour fixing up gear. Then he put his lines in the water and started trolling. And when he came home he had more fish than lots of us who went puffing breathlessly over the far horizons beyond and "running away from the fish," as we say.

Of course, on the way home we found the schools, but the day was over by then and Carl had made his hay. For him it was a great day, because from the time he bought his boat he had not hit a good day of fishing, scarcely a man in Monterey had had a good day since that time in July.

And on top of that evil fortune had dogged his pursuit of fish which took him as far north as Shelter Cove, that wild little hole on the rugged Cape Mendocino coast, as it dogged the fishing fleets of small boats whether they went to San Pedro or north. But on the great day, September 27, 1937, for purposes of record, Carl Brown succeeded, and got back to Monterey in time to climb down in the little cubbyhole in the bow for a few hours' sleep before going out again in the moonlight.

As thousands of pounds of fish poured into Monterey, the fear that lay in the hearts of the men was whether the weather would remain warm and keep the fish in high spirits. It only takes a breath of weather, or a scarcity of their food in the small shrimps, horse macker-

el or needle fish to send them hundreds of miles in their ever-greedy chase for food.

Meanwhile, the boats are bringing in as much as a ton or two tons of fish for a day's trip, and that's money at \$175 per ton.

Just to remind the reader that it isn't all romance and quick cash, I'd like to point out that last year nobody made over \$100 for the albacore season, and many paid more for their gas than they made out of the fish.

And again the other night I caught mal de mer in no uncertain terms. I was in the stern fixing gear by the faint glow from the masthead light and inhaling an extraordinary amount of engine fumes with every breath. Weakened by the life of ease that a newspaper job affords, I became a victim for an instant, lost a good cup of coffee, and then quickly got another cup and went on with the work in hand.

For about half an hour I was through with the sea forever, and actually dreaming of that little mountain ranch again. But as we came home in the late afternoon across the vague miles of ocean, with a lazy tanker crossing our bows and a tiny boat or two going our way a couple of miles off on either hand, we talked of bigger boats, of fishing out of Pedro—and the future.

It's a grand life.

Returning to Virgil Melloy, mentioned in the sixth paragraph, Virgil used to be a Carmelite too. He was well known here when he worked for the telephone company, but, being a big man from Missouri by way of the telephone lines across the Rockies, he got tired of being bossed by little men who never had come from anywhere. So he bought a boat and went fishing, and has been making a very successful business of it, too. He now has the finest small boat in Monterey, a thirty-three foot Diesel troller.

Well, once again, it's a grand life!

+ + +

Marian Adams, home last Thursday from a European trip, reports that she saw Emma Waldvogel in Paris at the Exposition and also in Zurich. Marian says that the only car they saw when they were in Venice was one that was being raffled off. Nobody drives anywhere, it's all by boat and gondola. Eventually we will get Marian down to facts, cases and places. At present it was all too wonderful really to talk about.



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Menu at Sunset Next Week

Menu for week, Oct. 4-8.

MONDAY

Soup—Corn Chowder.
Salad—Combination vegetable.
Hot Dish—Rice a la Creole.
Vegetable—String Beans.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Chicago.
Hot Dish—Macaroni and cheese.
Vegetable—Peas.
Dessert—Butterscotch Pudding.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Lima Bean.
Salad—Fruit.
Hot Dish—Corn Souffle.
Vegetable—String Beans.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

THURSDAY

Soup—Cream of Carrot.
Salad—Tomato Sandwich.
Hot Dish—Hash.
Vegetable—Buttered Beets.
Dessert—Cream Puffs.

FRIDAY

Soup—Cream of Tomato.
Salad—Pineapple and Carrot.
Hot Dish—Scalloped Potatoes.
Vegetable—Carrots.
Dessert—Ice Cream.
And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

+ + +

Much shifting of bags and baggage welcomed the return of Anne Hazen and Gladys Merrill from a three months' trip to Europe and the departure of Mrs. Mabel Turn-

er for Battle Creek, Michigan, where she will be married to William Hamilton. Leslie King, who has been occupying the home of Miss Hazen and Miss Merrill, has moved into Mrs. Turner's home on Junipero near Seventh. The Hazen-Merrill home in The Highlands is once more being trod by the familiar feet of its owners.

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"Such Counsels You Gave to Me" Is Reviewed by Lynda Sargent

And the eagle perceives that in nineteen hundred and thirty-seven the individual effort to make the break from the prison of humanity is frustrated not only by the fierce inhuman machines in the hands of concerted men everywhere but by little frittering all-vital considerations such as thirty dollars a month to keep body and soul together. He sees Howard Howren, almost too small and vague for his great vision this time, wearily climbing an off-set gorge of Mal Paso Canyon, carrying his death with him now, not to be able to rely again on women or the rocky cliffs of the Santa Lucias to accomplish or not accomplish this for him. He perceives that "six heavy-motored bombing planes went over the beautiful inhuman ridges" and that they somehow failed to leave his canyons unspoiled this time; he can look down from his height and see his mother's nest of eggs, gotten by her son (she having heard of no protagonist, called Incest, but possibly of the successful experiments in line breeding being carried on with cattle). And the eagle's nearer vision is for a moment clouded—is it tears or too much staring?—but not his far sight. He can still know that

It is good for

man

To try all changes, progress and corruption, powers, peace and anguish, not to go down the dinosaur's way

Until all his capacities have been explored; and it is good for him

To know that his needs and nature are no more changed in fact in ten thousand years than the beaks of eagles.

The fine-spun slight narrative poem, "Such Counsels You Gave to Me," which affords the title and constitutes the first half of the new Robinson Jeffers book, discovers the outside world in the form of a vial of potassium cyanide snatched from the lab at the University of California, invading at last and intrusively the fastnesses of the land on which the poet has so many times relied as the vast inhuman protagonist of his dramas. This little bottle of KCN bears a new Jeffers message. Howard Howren's inverted passion for his mother—symbolizing again the poet's terrific heave from the centripetal to the centrifugal—is used in this latest work not so much as the implementation itself as a mere backdrop. And when you have finished reading the poem you have rather forgotten the backdrop for this puzzling and somewhat puzzled idea of the poet's, this largened concept of the man and the not-man, the split will, which has left little room in this narrative for

the power and the glory, as nineteen thirty-seven itself has done.

There will be a hue and cry for another eagle flight; for reiteration of the shining revelation given to California on the hilltop; for the stature of a Reeve Thurso. This is an intellectual thing, and if Jeffers was once noisy with the screamings of the Santa Lucia winds up the coast range gorges, he is muttering in the beard of the world now; the world at war, on strike, at all its sacrificial gesturings at the feet of God crying futilely. "Do you marvel our verse is troubled and frowning?" he says in one of the shorter poems. Once Payne Fraser could scream "Give your heart to the hawks for a snack o' meat, but not to men" but now Howard Howren must turn and address one of his selves, coldly and wearily:

There are certain duties
Even for... what did you say?...
modern man. Life

is not rational.

The lyric line has never been better when it flashes clear and brief. Howard Howren, passing sick and beaten up the steep cattle path,

was like a

hardly noticed thought of unhappiness passing
Through a great serene mind.

There is not a line in the book that cannot be bent double for that resiliency one finds in well-tempered blades—and nowhere else.

Yet, when all this is said, the title poem leaves one standing at the upper window of Tor House with the author, sighing a little over the world whose antagonists are no longer Christ and a rock and an eagle, but bombing planes and armies and test tubes. You feel all through the disease of the times. As Willa Cather says there are no longer any ladies "in the old high sense," so you feel that tragic poetry in the old high sense walks the picket line, a frayed cuff over the back of its pointing hand. The tragedy itself lies in the increasing difficulty—even with the discipline of years and loneliness—of really seeing that

We can, by force and self-discipline, by many refusals and a few assertions, in the teeth of fortune assure ourselves

Freedom and integrity in life, or integrity in death. And we know that the enormous invulnerable beauty of things

Is the face of God, to live gladly in its presence and die without grief or fear knowing it survives us.

This last is from one of the twenty-two shorter poems where the most obvious beauty of the book lies. Not the argument chiefly, yet the argument persists, and with it now and then a rare Jeffers smile—as rare and as beautiful in his poems as are the occasional smiles of the poet himself. And as wry. In "Self-Criticism in February" he taunts himself in the italics of a second self:

If you could only sing
That God is love, or perhaps that social justice will prevail.

Then grins and replies:

I can tell lies in prose.

Not many reviewers of this book—and all so much better qualified than I to judge its exact merits—will have the good fortune to have sat on a small uncomfortable granite ledge opposite an off-set gorge of Mal Paso Canyon and read it for the first time. Looking up from the reading to where the sun threw thousand-foot shadows like purple Excaliburs vertically down the face of Corona ridge, I, too, felt the frowning and the puzzlement. Here

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Madame Pantuche Lockwood and her charming daughter, Mademoiselle Renee, have returned to their Hollywood home with their master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lockwood, after a short visit here. Madame and Mademoiselle Lockwood are Brinads and come from that part of France which is famous for the Brie cheese. This was Mademoiselle Renee's first visit to Carmel and she was extremely enthusiastic about it. In fact, she was extremely enthusiastic about everything and was seen dashing madly about, her eyes sparkling and her tousled hair flying, dragging her mistress along at the end of a leash.

That mysterious lady in black who made so many masculine hearts go pit-a-pat was Inky Campbell. The lovely stranger comes from Long Beach and was just passing through with her family, the R. E. Campbells, en route to Stanford where her young master, Robert, will resume his studies. Inky has a somewhat theatrical temperament and insists upon staging "effects." At home she absolutely refuses to sit on any but a special black chair which she considers her own. If an uninvited guest happens to sit in the chair, Inky sits directly in front of the guest and solemnly stares and stares until he becomes so uncomfortable that he finally gets up and moves.

Another recent visitor in the village was Dottie Green of Palo Alto. Dottie is an old-timer, having come here every year since she was a girl. Her annual visit is always the incentive for many social activities among the Cocker Spaniel set.

The golfers who complained recently about the deer on the golf course should make the acquaintance of Skippy Terry and his son, Teddy, who most effectively keep the deer out of the garden of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club home of their master, Dr. Clarence Terry. Skippy and Teddy come rightly by their ability as watchdogs for their ancestor, the Belgian Schipperke, which is Flemish for "little skipper," was used as a watch-dog on the canal boats of Belgium and Holland.

Teddy is the child of a touching romance Skippy and Jet, the bootlegger's dog, had. Jet was a pretty little lady who lived up the Carmel Valley and one of the few Schipperkes around here. Skippy met Jet on a trip up the valley and fell in love with her. What did it matter to him if she was the bootlegger's dog. She was a Schipperke and he loved her, so they were married. But fate stepped in, in the form of Repeal, for soon after Teddy was born, the bootlegger moved away and took Jet with him. That is why, sometimes, when there are no cats, or deer, or birds to chase, Skippy sits with a far-away look in his eyes dreaming of Jet, his lost love.

there is more peace and a nearer sense of the high inhuman God than almost elsewhere in the world. They cannot be found so easily in the laboratory or on the pavement. But the arena is there, and there the poet has had the strength to venture.

—LYNDA SARGENT

Gardeners Now Have Twenty in Association

The second charter meeting of the Peninsula Professional Gardener's Association was held last Friday evening at Sunset School. Charter memberships in the organization, which has leapt from four to 20 members in two meetings, are still available. Dues at present are 50 cents a month but after three months there will be an initiation fee. Additional officers were elected at last Friday's meeting. Walter Schirmer was chosen vice-president and Edward Gillies of Monterey, Program Chairman.

E. F. "Plant" Smith is corresponding secretary of the organization. (Not Everett Smith as was erroneously reported in the September 17 issue of THE CYMBAL.) The organization is a "brain child" of Smith's and in speaking of the work, he said that it hoped to appeal to professional gardeners and carry forward the idea of gardening as a profession.

Meetings will be every second and fourth Thursday in the month, the next meeting being October 14, at which time the group will conduct a garden clinic with Dr. Ralph E. Smith, plant pathologist from the University of California, in charge. Dr. Smith will speak on plant diseases. "Plant" Smith will conduct the speaker on a tour of various Peninsula gardens in the afternoon before the lecture.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS
grow and grow and grow and grow.

Dick O'Hanlon came down from San Francisco last week-end to visit with friends and especially to see the work of Dudley Carter. O'Hanlon is also a wood carver. He carved the black walnut pieces in the new Salinas post office. The subject matter includes cowboys, horses and bulls. They were carved under the Treasury Art Project.

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Wed., Thurs. • October 6, 7

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"Mirage de Paris"

Musical Comedy with English Titles

Coming Again... "Elephant Boy"

Spencer Kern Is Tennis Victor In C.C.A.L.

Spencer Kern, Carmel's rising tennis star, won the C.C.A.L. singles title at the fall tennis meet at Salinas High School last Saturday afternoon, defeating Gerald Hansen of Watsonville, 6-4, 6-3. Two other Carmel boys, students at Monterey Union High School, George Wishart and H. Hannon, also played in the meet. Wishart defeated Martin Fourcade of Salinas 6-4, 6-3, and then defaulted to Kern. Hannon went down with score of 1-6, 1-6 to Steve Tanner, also of Salinas. The match was invitational and represented the cream of the tennis crop of the Coast counties.

+

Monterey Has Fine Example Of Putnam

The finding of a bronze lion, the work of the famous animal sculptor, Arthur Putnam, among the donations made to the Goodwill Industries in San Francisco the other day, reminds us that the Monterey Peninsula has a very fine example of Putnam's work which seems to be very little known. At the head of the monument in front of Colton Hall in Monterey is a California mountain lion modeled by the sculptor in very high relief.

The San Francisco "find," which is dated 1900, is being sold by the Goodwill Industries at a very nominal sum to add to the fund used for relief work. A careful and alert worker noticed the fine modeling in the figure and called on an art authority for identification. Putnam, who died in Paris seven years ago, was part of the famous San Francisco Bohemian group before the fire. His works are in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the San Francisco Legion of Honor and Golden Gate Park.

+

YOUNG JOHN NYE WRITES HE'S SAFE IN SHANGHAI

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Nye this week received a comforting letter from their son, John, who is in Shanghai where and whereabouts things are happening of a disturbing nature these days. John writes that he has a job and has enlisted with the Foreign Reserves which, we take it, are organized to protect the foreign residents of the city. He has not been very close to exploding bombs as yet and appears not to fear them.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Jo Mora, Jo, Jr., and Patty, have returned from a trip which took them around most of the world.

THINGS TO COME

+

MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two evening performances at 7 and 9. Matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesdays at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Valerie Hobson in "When Thief Meets Thief." Sunday and Monday, Bayard Veiller's "The Thirteenth Chair." Tuesday, Edward Arnold as "Diamond Jim Brady." Wednesday and Thursday, "Mirage de Paris," French musical comedy with English titles.

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Jane Wyman and Dick Purcell in "Public Wedding" and Franchot Tone and Virginia Bruce in "Between Two Women." Saturday, Fred MacMurray and Frances Farmer in "Exclusive" and the Jones Family in "Big Business." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer in "The Toast of New York," and "Intimate Glimpses of Royal People" (the Coronation) in color. Wednesday, "Make Way for Tomorrow" with Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi and Bank Nite. Thursday and Friday, a re-issue of "Trader Horn" with Harry Carey and Edwina Booth, and Stuart Erwin and Jean Muir in "Dance Charlie Dance."

ADULT EDUCATION

Pottery and Woodwork. Sunset School Shop. Mondays 7 to 9 p.m. Dressmaking and Homemaking. Sunset School lunch room, Thursdays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Rhythmic Exercises, Sunset School Gymnasium, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Photography, Sunset School Music Room, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Classes in bookbinding, Life drawing, Portrait drawing, Commercial work, Shop, Music, Recreation, Swimming and Americanization at Monterey Union High School. For further information call Monterey 6980. No entrance fee.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitz's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING
Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at the Girl Scout House, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. Group readings of Shakespearean plays, act by act, with a final public reading. Visitors and readers welcome. A fee of 10 cents is made to defray expenses of the group.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

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FOR SALE—The artistic cottage with all of Carmel's charm. Large living room. Large bedroom. Double garage. Corner. Centrally located. Lot nearly 60 feet wide by 125. For quick turnover. \$4,000. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor. Ocean and Lincoln.

\$4000 COTTAGE—South of Ocean Avenue in good section for home or renting—2 bedrooms—fully furnished. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue.

COTTAGE IN 80 ACRES—Well-built, 2 bedroom cottage on lot 60 x 100 ft. Fine location for home or renting. Fully furnished. Price for quick sale \$4000. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue.

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT—Two completely furnished cottages, each with one bedroom and garage. One house is on Junipero and Vista, the other on Mountain View and Santa Rita. The second has twin beds. Telephone Carmel 1215-W or write P. O. Box 864.

FOR RENT—Unusually cheerful 3-room furnished cottage. Newly decorated. Abundant electric lights. Sunny location. 5-minutes walk from P.O. Tel. 1424.

SMALL COTTAGE to rent from October 1 to November 15. See Mrs. F. E. Lloyd, San Carlos, below 13th.

FOR RENT—To one or two adults. Charming modern cottage with garage. Phone 799 or 931.

FOR RENT—Sunny, comfortably furnished room. Close in. Gas heater. Garage. Light housekeeping. Phone Carmel 1005 or write P. O. Box 416, Carmel.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—comfortable furnished apartment—close in. Address Box L-13, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

WANTED—Small cottage or apartment, low rental, for good tenant. Must be warm. Notify Box 178, Carmel.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. (f)

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FOR SALE

Miscellaneous

ORGAN FOR SALE—Heavy, solid walnut. Good condition. \$35.00. Inquire at Transfer Office, next to Fire House.

FOR RENT

Miscellaneous

PIANO FOR RENT—Baby Grand. Unusually low rental to right party. Call Carmel 702 for particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRACTICAL NURSE—Night or day. Will go anywhere. Tel. 554-J or P. O. Box 1814. (16)

LOOK AT THIS!—For sale, 4-cylinder Chevrolet. Excellent brakes, tires, motor, paint, etc. Will do Carmel Hill in high—easily. \$22.57. Phone Carmel 1404-J. (tf)

TRY MME. PIRENNE'S fresh berry jelly at Sun Deck Poultry shop on 7th Street. Ask your grocer for Amber Marmalade or telephone order. Mme. Pirenne 354-W.

WOULD GIVE nine months' rent of an apartment in exchange for the building of a sun porch and shower. Address Box L-14, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

Dr. Elizabeth Moses to Give Lecture On Interiors Before Musical Arts

Dr. Elizabeth Moses will give an illustrated lecture on "Interiors, from the Middle Ages to our Present Era" before the Musical Arts Club in the Van Ess-McGowan home at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, next Tuesday, October 5.

Dr. Moses is curator of the De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco and a student of history of art, archeology and philosophy. She taught "history of costumes" in the famous dramatic school in Dusseldorf, Germany, where Luise Rainer received her dramatic education. For many years Dr. Moses was curator of the Museum of Decorative Arts in Cologne, Germany, and is well known on the continent

and here for her lectures and articles. Hitler removed her from the high position she held in Cologne and she went into Italy where she did newspaper work and gave lectures. For the past three years she has been in California and besides her work in the De Young Museum she has given a course at Mills College. She has completely revolutionized the museum which was a "horror of horrors" before she came and is now one of the most pleasant and intelligently arranged public exhibition halls in the State.

In her talk before the Club here, Dr. Moses will touch on rooms in general, their furniture, color, atmosphere and wall decoration.

—V. C. S.

GIRL SCOUT LEADERS' COURSE WILL END FRIDAY

Mrs. Chris Phelan, well known scouting authority, will complete her four-day training course for Girl Scout leaders with two conferences to be held Thursday and Friday, October 7 and 8. The Thursday meeting will be at the Pacific Grove Scout House on Junipero two blocks east of Forest avenue, opposite the school playgrounds. The conference will start at 1:30 o'clock and will deal with troop management. On Friday the instructor will meet with prospective leaders at the same time at the Girl Scout House in Carmel, on the corner of Lincoln and Sixth. This final talk will be on the junior Scouts or Brownies. The two talks given last week were on the girls and the program.

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Judge and Mrs. Thomas Taylor are leaving by airplane for New York and from there will sail for Europe where they plan to spend several months.

CARMEL HAS EIGHT HONOR STUDENTS IN HIGH SCHOOL

Of the 24 Monterey Union High School students who have been named members of the California Scholarship Federation, Chapter 195, eight are from Carmel. Miss Gertrude Rendtorff, dean of girls at the high school, has called the state organization the "Phi Beta Kappa of High Schools." Membership is based on grades for one semester and it is necessary to have three "A's" and a "B," rather something to have on your report card if we remember rightly.

The Carmel members of Chapter 195 include Katherine Beaton, Barbara Haasis, Max Hagemeyer, Charles Hamm, Geraldine Heinrich, John Hilliard, Jane Millis and Mary Woolsey.

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E. F. "Plant" Smith has moved to Carmel from the Prunedale district near Salinas. With him are Mrs. Smith and their three children.



FIRE EXTINGUISHER SALES AND SERVICE

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Telephone Carmel 46

CARMEL

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK... OCTOBER 3-9

Mrs. Law of Tehachapi Prison Talks To Women Voters Here October 13

The annual conference of the State League of Women Voters, to be held at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco on October 7 and 8, promises many items of distinctive interest to all women interested in world affairs—and, indeed, those interested in State and County affairs. To all of us this Fall adumbrates large events for the ensuing year and the continually valued place the League of Women is taking in the shaping up of national policies and thus indirectly international affairs should be of immediate and active interest to all women and especially to that considerable section of mature women who have intelligence, time and the unquestioned ability to take a part in the vitally important and exciting matters relating to government. Keeping the peace this winter in the world will, for the first time in history, offer as stirring opportunities for exercise of the dormant desire for action in man as the making of war has always heretofore offered. The League stands squarely back of—or, rather, marches livingly on—toward that goal.

The general public will be given the opportunity during the Conference to hear: (1) at the Thursday luncheon, Italian Room, Paul Elie (known to most of us) speaking on the subject: "The Government's

Role in Labor Problems"; (2) at the banquet that evening, Colonial Ballroom at 7 o'clock, Chester Rowell on "The Far Eastern Crisis and American Neutrality"; and on Personnel Day, Friday, October 8, which will be concerned almost entirely with questions of State, County and National Personnel, the luncheon speakers on these subjects will be Dr. Thomas F. Barkley of Stanford University and Lewis Kroeger, executive officer of the State Personnel Board.

All persons wishing to attend these meetings are welcome. If transportation is desired, get in touch with Miss Lydia Weld, president of the local league.

The next luncheon meeting of the Monterey County branch of the League will be held at Pine Inn Wednesday, October 13, and Mrs. Anna S. Law of the Tehachapi Prison for Women will speak. The local League is informed and interested in prison work for women and welcomes all women so interested to its membership.

It will be interesting to the many friends and admirers of Mrs. Carl Voss to know that she is definitely put down as incoming State president of the League. Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, who is slated as State executive vice-president, is also to be congratulated.

Ruth and Bill Albee Appear Big as Life In Current "Saturday Evening Post"

The story of Ruth and Bill Albee in the current issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* called "Uncharted Honeymoons," which is their own exciting adventures in the Canadian Rockies and the wilds of British Columbia, has answered a lot of questions for Carmel people who never did get the whole story straight. It may have been a foolhardy idea for two young people (Bill was 24 and Ruth 20 when they started out on the trip seven years ago) but the Albees not only had a lot of adventure but are cashing in on it very happily now. At present the couple and their two children, both born in the far north, are living in Wisconsin. During the spring and summer of this year they broadcast their adventures in serial form from a Chicago station and at present they are writing a book at the request of the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing House.

Bill landed in Carmel in about 1926 and went to work for Hugh Comstock, driving a truck, hammering, nailing, plastering and doing about everything there was to do for four years. He and Ruth were married in Salinas and lived in one of Mrs. Brown's cottages and then had a place in Carmel Woods. Both of them had the travel bug rather strong and had an idea they would like to tramp across the country to Siberia. The *Post* story is the first leg of their trip, during which time they were reported "lost."

In 1934 they went to Prince of Wales Island where Bill was school teacher, superintendent of the reindeer herds, postmaster, doctor and general fix-it man. Bill and Ruth

visited with his brother, John Albee, and his aunt, Mrs. Clarence Whitaker, in Carmel about a year ago along with their small son and daughter.

Joseph and Margaret Albanese have moved to Manteca where Albanese has taken the position of language teacher and Americanization teacher in the Manteca High School. The departure was rather sudden, word coming a week ago Wednesday night that he should start classes the following morning. He rushed up to Manteca that night and came back Friday night to help Margaret pack up and make arrangements to leave. Both Albanese and his wife are graduates of U.C.L.A. He has been doing case work for the SRA and teaching Americanization classes in the Monterey Union High School Extension Division and French in the night classes at Pacific Grove High School. Mrs. Albanese taught French at Douglas School and in the Adult Education classes in Monterey.

Mrs. Bert Doolittle left Carmel this week and won't be back until after Thanksgiving. After a ten day visit in Los Angeles she will go direct to New York City and remain there until late in November before returning to her home in Hatton Fields.

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Council Tags \$5,000 for Parks, But Darned Little For Forest Theater

The city council has tagged just \$5,000 even for the use of the newly-created park and playground commission for the coming year. There is nothing startling about this. It is not even a step ahead in the matter of park and playground financing. It is, in fact, just about the same identical sum as was paid out for city parks and playgrounds this year.

And the Forest Theater doesn't get any great amount of improving as a result of the adoption of the park and playground budget. The last item on the budget reads as follows: "Forest Theater. Erecting fence and cleaning up grounds, \$245.00." Anyone who has taken even a casual glance at the Forest Theater property in its present state will admit that \$245 won't go very far up there. It won't, surely, advance the Forest Theater situation more than half an inch in the direction Forest Theater enthusiasts would like to see it go.

One advance, in at least one direction, is noted in the appropriation for the beach. This provides for one man, full time, all year as "caretaker at the beach and various parks" at \$1200 a year, and one man for three summer months on the beach at \$40 a month.

The new park, acquired through deed of gift from the Forest Hill School in lieu of delinquent taxes, and purchase by the city of adjoining property, will have \$150 spent on it for the year for "cleaning up and making trails," as the budget has it.

Improvement of the new tennis courts in Carmel Woods will cost \$535. It should be noted, however, that the city has already paid for

the making of the tennis courts, the building of a retaining wall and the erection of toilets.

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John Evans and his wife and child have taken the Margaret Stewart house on The Point. Evans is the son of Mabel Dodge Luhan, a frequent visitor to Carmel. Evans and his wife, Claire Spencer, are also writers, but in the fiction line rather than autobiography.

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